

The Historacle

The Official Newsletter of the

Talent Historical Society

"Remember the days of old; consider the generations long past."

206 East Main, Suite C • P.O. Box 582 • Talent, Oregon 97540 • 541/512-8838

March 2003



JAN WRIGHT HIRED AS NEW DIRECTOR

Let me introduce myself to the membership and invite each one of you to come into the museum and get acquainted with me and let me know how you like your history presented. Before I say anything about myself, let me thank Alice Ray, the board and all those who organized and created the environment I work in. I know many of you have a connection with Alice and are sorry to see her go. She was very gracious to me as a newcomer and I hope we can continue to work together on certain projects. I come to the Talent Historical Society with a humble heart but a solid background in the history of the area and historical programming. I was the curator of education for the Southern Oregon Historical Society and for 5 years was associated with the Jacksonville Museums and the Beekman Living History program. Before SOHS hired me, I worked as a volunteer enjoying many hours of looking through and identifying the old photographs, digging up history and conducting cemetery tours. In fact, I think volunteering was my favorite thing and I still go into the SOHS library from time to time to keep up with the past. I hope to make good use of volunteers for Talent and give you lots of opportunity to shine. One of my most recent adventures was an assignment in Africa with the Peace Corps. I worked to train pre-school teachers and set up 2 libraries for public use. I still have dreams about Africa but am solidly grounded in the Rogue Valley with my first grandchild here and another one on the way. Again, please stop by and get acquainted, I want to learn from each of you and make THS a community place.

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

The new exhibit going in sometime this month will be buttons. Anyone having buttons (not the political kind—the kind that close up your sweater or shirt) can bring them by and I will display them if there is room and IF they are sewn on a card or piece of fabric so they don't get loose or lost. I will have a jar of buttons on the counter with a number of buttons in it. Those who visit the Historical Society can leave their guess of how many buttons are in the jar. The person who comes closest without exceeding the number will win a free membership to the THS.

For Women's History Month we are having a pot-luck lunch at 11:30 on Sunday, March 16th at the Talent Community Center. Jan Wright, new THS director, will be one of the speakers to talk about her Peace Corps experiences.

Sometime last year someone stole the Fort Wagner memorial marker from its location on Talent Avenue. Thanks to the Lions Club and the City of Talent, it will soon be replaced. An unveiling ceremony with Mayor Marian Telerski and City Planner Kevin Cronin, along with someone from the Lions Club, will take place sometime this spring, possibly in April. THS will also be represented. The date will be announced.

DIMMICK TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS

ADVENTURE THAT COLLECTIVE MYTH SUGGESTS

People always have a tendency to romanticize the past. The trek across the Plains in the 1840s and 1850s to Oregon and California certainly has been among the events in the past which have been marked by myth and romance. The hardy pioneer, the supportive wife and mother, the rascally Indians, the brave wagonmaster, all these are common fare depicted in novels, movies, television shows and alas in some memoirs and family traditions, and all designed to glorify the settling of the West. However, it apparently was not all peaches and cream. Consider the following description of the crossing of the Plains to Oregon by Jan Hewitt Dimmick a Southern Oregon pioneer of 1854.

"We were married in 1853 and left Peoria, Illinois, for Oregon in 1854. Our first child, a baby boy was born on the Plains, en route to Oregon. The baby died at birth and was buried along the Trail on the banks of the Platte River in a coffin made of wood taken from wagon beds. The grave was marked by a wooden marker. A short religious ceremony was used, the best that circumstances allowed.

"The train was of average size. There were plenty of Indians all along the way. We had no serious trouble with them, although the Indians would come into the camp at any time and help themselves to any food that was handy without asking for it. The emigrants did not make any fuss over the food, because they thought it was the best way to keep the Indians friendly, as long as they did not molest any other property. The Desert Indians often made their camps close to ours. The Indians would often perform their native dances around the campfire at night. They would do the war dance painted and all bedecked in beads, feathers, and battle regalia. It was the real dance of the wild Indians, and the emigrants would gather around. Nearly every person on the train would watch them, so interesting are their dances, and not in the least like those that are exhibited in these days [about 1900, probably referring to Wild Bill Hickock's Wild West Show which did tour Southern Oregon].

At night the horses and cattle were kept in the corral, which was made every night by the wagons being drawn into a large circle. A guard watched all night, to guard against any surprise attack.. It was a hard and tiresome trip, lasting six months. Being in the heat of the summer, not only the intense summer heat of the Desert had to be endured, but, worst of all, was the stifling, suffocating dust raised along the desert trail by the hundreds of oxen slowly plodding also, not only from their train but from other long trains ahead of them. There was a heavy cloud of dust constantly over the trail, making it almost unbearable. The wagon rut running ahead of them, which they were following, hour after hour, day after day, week after week was so tedious that it was at times sickening.

I often jumped out of the wagon and walked alongside. One day when I felt that I had to do something or go to pieces, I jumped from the wagon, and as I did so, carried my apron full of potatoes that I had been working on while in the wagon. In my hurry to get down, I rolled the potatoes up in my apron, but had failed to take the apron off. I started on the walk. After a while the train forded a shallow creek, and, as the wagon did not stop for me to get into it and partly from the diversion I would get from wading, I went into the water. About halfway across the creek, which was wide but shallow, I stubbed my toe on a rock in the creek bed, and plunged full length in the water. The potatoes flew in all directions, and I took an unexpected bath. but felt much better when I got into the wagon again.

The Desert was thickly populated with buffalo. There were thousands upon thousands in a band, and hundreds of large bands of them. They were a blessing to the emigrants, and save the lives of many who otherwise would have starved from lack of food. As long as the buffalo could be had, the emigrant could exist. Providence placed food in the desert for them, and it was food that gave them strength.

"Another manner in which the buffalo served the emigrants was in the furnishing of fuel for them to cook with and to give heat during cold weather and at night. There were no trees or wood on the long stretches of sandy desert. The fires were needed in many ways, but especially for the camp fires which were used both for heating and cooking. The emigrants found they could use the dung of the buffalo, of which there was apparently an inexhaustible supply, from the thousands of buffalo which roamed the desert. After it was dried in the hot desert sun, it was hard and burned as well and with as much heat as any wood. This dung was called "buffalo chips," and was gathered by all the emigrants. It seem as though a kind Providence had placed the buffalo on the desert to serve the emigrants. Nor is this a foolish thought, because, when the emigrants had finished their trekking over the plains and the steam cars supplanted the ox-drawn wagons, the buffalo disappeared from the desert

"The water supply was always a serious problem, if not the most serious of all. Without question, more deaths

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BRIC-A-BRAC



Featured item from the THS Sales Shoppe.

"Aaron Patton Talent, born May 18, 1836 near Knoxville, Tennessee, was the son of Aaron (Ned) Tallant and Bethena Anderson Tallant....Even before the Civil War began, Aaron served in the quartermaster Corp as Sergeant, as his name appears in the Union Roster as 'Sgt., E. Co., 1st Mt. Ten. In.' He married Martha Ann (Edwards) Phifer on December 3, 1857, in Roane County, Tennessee and adopted her young son, William. The couple resided in Roane County, Tennessee for most of that decade, but circumstances of the war undoubtedly gave them reason to move on. It was a time when cousins were fighting cousins, and friends were fighting friends for the different cause in which they believed. Aaron's belief did not mirror that of the average Southerners' of the times, and so he continued in his Quartermaster role of providing food and supplies to the northern army. Whenever he got leave, he would sneak home to visit his wife and young family. His son, John, perhaps no more than five or six years old at the time, remembers how his father would often have to find a hiding place within the house when the possibility of an inspection or unexpected visitor seemed imminent. Once it appeared safe to emerge, young John would ride his hobby horse towards his father's hiding place and say, 'OK, Pop, you can come out.'"

This excerpt is taken from the book *Talent: Worth Its Weight In Gold*, written by Yvonne Reynolds. The book is available in the Sales Shoppe for \$12.95. It is an interesting account of the settlement of Talent.

Welcome!

THS welcomed some new members into the Society in the past couple of months. They are: Edwin Hanson, Kathy Jerman and Bob Burnette.

THS Membership Levels

Individual Sponsor	\$20.00
Family	\$15.00
Family Sponsor	\$30.00
Business Sponsor	\$50.00
Heritage Societies	
Eli K. Anderson Society	\$100.00
John Beeson Society	\$250.00
Jacob Wagner Society	\$400.00
A.P. Talent Society	\$500.00
Lifetime Membership	\$1,000.00 (one-time)

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resulted among the emigrants for the so-called "Desert Cholera" than from any other cause. This cholera was caused entirely by the impure water supply. Alkaline water, or water contaminated from the bodies of animals, which the emigrants were often obliged to use, sent many of the emigrants to their final resting places. The trail across the plains was lined with the graves of those who had perished as victims to the dread cholera. Whenever they came to a river or a good supply of water, they filled barrels, cans, and containers with all they could carry, which was kept for drinking purposes. This had to last them until the next water supply was reached. Many times the supply was exhausted before another supply was reached. Then the suffering of both man and beast was acute. The stock and horses, when experiencing a water famine, seemed to have their faculties of smell greatly enhanced. They became aware of the presence of water in the neighborhood long before the emigrants were aware of it. In fact, man cannot smell water at all, and is only aware of it when it comes within range of his vision. If famished for water, the animals would become frantic and break for the water, often getting beyond control and stampeding with disastrous results. If the animals were not controlled they would rush into the water and render it unfit for the emigrants to use. When there was good water, the emigrants were obliged to use what they could get." ~Jane Hewitt Dimmick~

Now this doesn't sound like the images I saw in my last Western shoot-em-up trail drive west! Contributed through interview by Mary Ellen Dimmick McKay, daughter of Jane Dimmick. The interview was conducted January 19, 1939, and is abstracted from "Reminiscences of Southern Oregon Pioneers," a Works Progress Administration Project.

ROAD WORK AND POLL TAX

EARLY OREGON LAWS REQUIRED EACH MALE TO WORK ON THE ROADS;
AND EACH MINORITY TO PAY A POLL TAX

When Oregon was young, "every male between the ages of 21 and 50 years of age" except persons who were public charges or too infirm to perform labor had to do two days of work annually on the public roads of the county in which they lived or pay \$2.00 for every \$2000 of taxable property they owned or go to jail.

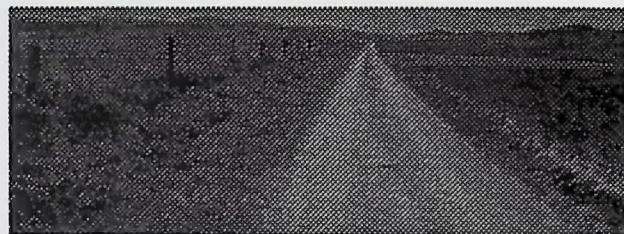
The legislature of 1860 (this was the very first legislature of the state, for Oregon was not a state until February 14, 1859) initiated this law which was operative until 1901 when the state lawmakers authorized counties to levy taxes for road construction and maintenance.

This same legislature initiated a poll tax of \$5.00 on "every Negro, mulatto, Chinaman, Kanaka for the use of the county" within which these minorities resided. (A Kanaka was a term for an Hawaiian. Hence the reason for the place name near Jacksonville now called Kanaka Flat.) If the poll tax was not paid, the delinquent was arrested placed in jail and put to work on the county roads at the rate of one day of "faithful labor" for each 50 cents of the five dollar tax.

The counties divided up their geographic area into road districts and appointed road supervisors for each district. The supervisor made "an alphabetical list of all persons liable to perform labor on the public roads" within his district on or before March 15 of each year and gave the list to the county court. The clerk determined the amount of taxable property for each listed individual, returned the list to the supervisor who then notified each property owner on the list that he was to report "at 8 o'clock a. m." at a definite date and place and give one day of work for each and every \$2000 dollars assessed for state and county purposes or pay \$2.00 for each day so charged against him or go to jail.

This was the way the roads in Oregon got built from 1860 to 1899, when the legislators got even tougher. In 1899, the legislature provided that "all able bodied persons" sentenced to the county jail "whether for a fine or to serve a sentence for a definite number of days" should

be liable to work on the public roads, under the "full power of the county court." Those serving a definite sentence were to work out the "full time" of the sentence at the rate of \$1.00 a day. There was also a legal stipulation that "not less than eight hours shall be considered a day's work." Any prisoner refusing to work was to be "denied all food other than bread and water" until he signified his willingness to comply, and then he had to make up for all lost time. Obviously, the state legislature did not want any malingering jail birds to evade road work.



The Historacle is published quarterly by the
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Comments & letters may be sent to the Editor, The Historacle, by mail or by e-mail casebeer@jeffnet.org. Members of the Society receive The Historacle free with membership.

TUTUTNI LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

RESCUES EXTINCT NATIVE TONGUE

One hundred forty-seven years ago U. S. Army troops burned the Tututni village located near the junction of the Illinois and Rogue rivers. The Tututni were a small tribe, among a handful of tribes that composed a linguistic pocket located on Oregon's southwest coast and in the neighboring mountains. These tribal groups had lived in family villages, each nearly independent of each other and spoke languages that are similar to those spoken by the Apache and Navajo tribes.

Apparently these bands had been in the fastnesses of Oregon's wild coast for centuries, but with the Indian Wars of 1855 and 1856, the area was invaded and subjugated by Army troops and Oregon militia units. The remaining Indians were, as were all other Native Americans west of the Cascade Mountains removed to reservations some two hundred miles to the north near present Independence and Siletz, Oregon, where many descendants still live today.

During the 150 years since "removal" and displacement from their native area, this forced resettlement and the policy of "assimilation" has effectively made the Tututni language "extinct." Young speakers of the language in government run schools were brutally punished if they used their native tongue. As a result, today only three known "elder speakers" remain. Last summer, in 2002, the language was officially declared dead. However, efforts were made last summer to increase the number of speakers of Tutuni in one of the several attempts here in the Northwest to rescue and preserve the unique linguistic heritage represented by languages once common here in the Northwest.

In regard to Tututni, a workshop was held on the banks of the Rogue River this past summer at Agness. Led by Southern Oregon University graduate Dr. John Medicine Horse Kelly, who used the name John Wolliscroft while at Southern Oregon and Wendy Campbell, both of the Intensive Language Project at Carleton University in Ottawa, Canada; and Jerry Hall of Lane Community College, fifteen participants spent two weeks learning the Tututen language. Gilbert Towner, one of the last three speakers of the Tututni language, who now lives in Idaho with his Nez Perce wife, had not regularly spoke Tututni since he was five years old.

At 73 Towner was the only Native speaker there. He quit speaking Tututen when he was removed from his Siletz home to attend the Chemawa Indian School near Salem. He recalls that he and other Chemawa students were beaten for speaking in their native tongues while attending the Bureau of Indian Affairs school.

Before being the principal instructor at the workshop, Towner went to Siletz to visit his 79 year old uncle by marriage, Eddie Collins. Collins had spoken Tututen until he was seventeen, but unfortunately Collins just couldn't remember enough words to be of much help. The other speaker, an 89 year old woman, did not want to become involved and declined to assist Towner in his memory quest. It was at that moment that Hall says, the leaders "declared Tututen extinct."

Notwithstanding these conditions, Towner agreed to attend the Agness workshop, that was being led by Dr. Kelly and Campbell. According to Hall, what happened was almost miraculous. "Wendy and Gilbert started going through oral histories on old tapes and aluminum records, and Gilbert started remembering pronunciations and rhythms. Words and phrases started coming back to him!"

The daily sessions were intensive, some of them lasting as much as twelve hours. "But by the end," says Hall, "people were composing sentences, dialogue and even songs. We felt that Tututen was no longer extinct and Gilbert committed to continue teaching it."

Towner made another long trip to Agness last September from his Idaho home on the same weekend that dozens of tribal descendants, all members of the Confederated Tribes of the Siletz, made their annual "Run to the Rogue." An event that retraces in retrograde the horrible trip that occurred in 1856 when the Tututni version of the "Trail of Tears" occurred. Their exiled ancestors were marched up the coast for some 230 miles in the winter of that year, ending up at Siletz.

According to Karen McCown, of the Associate Press, who covered the meeting, Towner thought it "momentous" to hear young descendants once again learning and speaking Tututen. She wrote that during

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NINETEEN IMPOLITE THINGS

From the "Daily Nevada State Journal," Oct. 1, 1875, p. 2:

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting fingernails in company.
7. Leaving church before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older person than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commence talking before another has finished speaking.
18. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and
19. Not listening to what any one is saying in company.

NOT ALL EMIGRANTS TO THE AMERICAS EXACTLY VOLUNTEERED, BUT SOME WERE READY.

Americans like to think of their forefathers and mothers as brave souls who risked life and limb, to emigrate to the New World. In some cases, it was far more risky to stay in Europe. Consider this announcement in the official British records dealing with transportation to the new colonies in the Americas:

"April 1667. Petition of James Ward to the King [of England]. His wife was convicted at the Oxford quarter sessions of stealing goods value 3s 4d [that would be 3 shillings, four pennies]; prays for an order for stay of execution, and for her transportation to any of his Majesty's Colonies." Please note they did not have to just go to Georgia which was founded as a penal colony.

IT'S THE LAW!

Astoria was so plagued with speed that the city council ordained that no person should be permitted to ride or drive a beast of burden at a greater speed than six miles per hour within the city limits. Traffic on roads built on piling was restricted to four miles per hour, and loaded drays could not cross such streets faster than a walk.

A few years later bicycles so aggravated the perils of traffic that the Oregon legislature passed a law to the effect that cyclists should halt whenever they approached within a hundred yards of a team, dismount, and remain standing until the horses had passed. In commenting on this law, the *Daily Astorian*, July 13, 1886, declared, "This law may be a good one, but it does not go far enough; it should be amended so as to compel the bicyclist to take off his hat and remain uncovered while the driver of the team is passing."

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the September meeting, the young people "met just upriver from the fishing village where Towner's great grandfather had served as war chief, and just down river from the canyons where miners and other advocates of 'extermination' ambushed the surrendering Indians."

The young now have some texts as linguistics professor Victor Golla of Humboldt State University in Arcata has compiled a "Tututen Lexicon." With the reawakened memory of Gilbert Towner, nearly the last speaker of Tututen, who now can provide sentence structure, the descendants of the Tututni, which Towner says should be pronounced "Tu-Tu-De-Ne, can once again learn to speak in their own unique tongue. Those new learners can thank Jerry Hall, Wendy Campbell, Dr. John Medicine Horse Kelly and a man who remembered what he learned before he was six years old--Gilbert Towner of Idaho.

"The language was dead for 147 years in this country. To be able to bring it back to life by speaking these words in this place makes me really happy. I can feel the spirit of The People. They are approving very highly."

---Gilbert Towner, Tututen teacher

NOTE: The material for this article was principally derived from an article by Associated Press reporter Karen McCowan, Mail Tribune, October 29, 2002.

FROM THE FIREPLACE TO THE STOVE

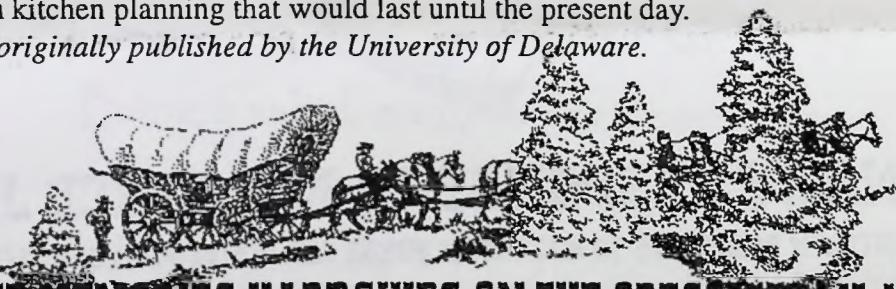
REVOLUTION IN COOKERY

The convenience of the stove for cooking had more influence on its eventual popularity than all other factors combined. Food was described in early American cookbooks as better cooked in a fireplace, but the operation was slow and labor intensive. Wrenched backs, blistered hands, smoked eyes, singed hair, and scorched clothes were normal accompaniments to fireplace cooking. Only a few households owned iron stoves by the time Amelia Simmons published her new cookbook, and they remained an uncommon feature in most American homes until the 1830s. Until 1835, stoves were made at bog-iron and blast furnaces. The plates were cast directly from the iron in the smelting furnaces, forming generally brittle and not particularly durable parts because of impurities still left in the iron. After 1835, Jordan L. Mott in New York became the first to cast stoves from purer pig iron.

Experiments with the cast-iron stove continued through the nineteenth century. Wood and coal remained the principal fuels, but coal dust, tar, sawdust, and kerosene were all tried, the last finding some favor. The gas range appeared about 1850, but for most of the century it was considered both extravagant and dangerous. By the 1880s prejudice against them began to decline, but it was not until the 1920s that they became common in city and suburban homes. During the 1890s gasoline stoves had a temporary vogue that was shattered by numerous explosions. Not until late in the century was an electric stove attempted, with one included in the model electric kitchen that awed visitors at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893.

By 1881, nearly a thousand patents had been issued on stoves, and there were 220 firms manufacturing all types of stoves. Whatever the stove, they all seemed to come in one color—black. By the 1920s, gas ranges were manufactured in all white, a change that aided cleaning. About this same time the dials were elevated to a convenient level, and the oven was raised above the burners where it remained until the middle 1930s. In the late 1920s and early 1930s color variety was introduced in stove design, beginning a transformation in kitchen planning that would last until the present day.

This article was originally published by the University of Delaware.



PIONEER MEMORIES HARDSHIPS ON THE OREGON TRAIL IN 1846

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH MUNCHES ESTES

Of those long weary months I cannot clearly tell. I know it was April when we started and October when we reached the place that was to be our home in Oregon. Sometimes we stopped several days in camp where we found plenty of water and good grazing and while the teams rested and fed up, the men fixed up the wagons and helped the women wash and prepare food for the next drive ahead. Then there were days we toiled over the arid plains till far into the night to reach the life-giving water that was a necessity to us and to our trains. The children of the company walked many many miles...sometimes I think I walked half of the way to Oregon! Some days it was very hard to find fuel enough for our camp fires. Many a time our simple meals were cooked over a fire of buffalo chips and sage brush. The weather did not cause as much trouble. I recall but one real storm. It was on the Platte River in Nebraska. We were in camp on the bank of the river when it came on. The wind blew a hurricane! Thunder roared and lightening flashed! It was a dark as Egypt. The rain poured like it was being emptied from buckets. I will never forget that night! Every tent was blown down. No one was seriously hurt, though a babe was narrowly missed by a falling tent pole. The men chained the wagons together to hold them from being blown into the river. Our camp belongings were blown helter skelter over the country around about and our stock was stampeded 'till it took all the next day to get them rounded up.

NEZ PERCE RELIGIOUS SEARCH

TRAPPER BIBLE READING SPURRED QUEST FOR RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE

A hundred and seventy-one years ago, a white man, who was a trapper in the Western wilderness happened to spend the night with a wandering band of friendly Indians. As night drew on and they sat around the campfire, the Indians noticed the white man take a small book from his pocket and after looking at the pages, slowly turn them. Presently he closed the book, shut his eyes, and moved his lips in some magical incantation (they supposed).

When he had finished, they asked him what he had been doing and he told them that he had been reading from the White Man's Book, which pointed the way to a better land, and he had been praying to the White Man's God. The Indians showed that they were interested and soon this news spread throughout their tribe. Some time later, four Nez Perce chiefs started out to find the White Man's Book of Heaven, and in September, 1831, they appeared in St. Louis. Two years had been spent by them on their strange quest, years of suffering, danger and doubt. They were unable to find words with which to make known their wants. They wandered tongue tied through the streets. Finally coming under the notice of Governor Clark, [of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, then governor of Missouri] they were sent to a Catholic Priest and from him the story reached the country. It produced a profound interest among the churches, seeming to them a veritable Macedonian cry. The result being, that missionaries were sent to the great Northwest.



MISSIONARY RESPONSE TO NEZ PERCE JOURNEY

WHITMAN RESPONDS TO NEZ PERCE QUEST FOR WHITE MAN'S RELIGION

In the early spring of 1836, in company with his newly-wed bride, Narcissa (Prentice) Whitman, and Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, Dr. Whitman started across the plains. They traveled part way with the [Northwest] fur company's annual detachment until they met a body of Nez Perce Indians who had come to meet them, into whose hands they committed their fortunes and lives the rest of the way.

They reached Fort Walla Walla on September 1, 1836. Whitman established his mission six miles west of Walla Walla where he brought over two hundred acres under cultivation, built a grist mill and also a sawmill. Mrs. Whitman's was the first school for teaching the Indians. Dr. Whitman heard rumors that the United States was about to make a treaty with England whereby England would get the Oregon country. The more Whitman thought of it, the more he became convinced that it was his patriotic duty to go to Washington and inform the authorities of the nature and value of this great country. So, in the winter of 1842-43, Whitman crossed the continent on horse back. He had an Indian guide part of the way, but the going got so bad that the Indian turned back and Whitman went on alone. He was received by President Tyler and Secretary Webster, who took an entirely new stand and began to raise the demand of "Fifty-four forty" or fight. As a result of his published position, Whitman succeeded in conducting a thousand people with wagons and cattle to the promised land of Oregon. The immigration of 1843 was the deciding contest in the struggle for the possession between England and the United States. The American settlement of Oregon and the homes they established vanquished the English fur trader.

Talent Historical Society

Celebrates Women's History Month

Sunday, 16th of March

You're invited to attend a pot luck at

11:30 a.m.

in the Talent Community Hall

Bring a salad, main dish or dessert

Jan Wright, the new THS director will speak

About her experience in Africa

As a Peace Corps Volunteer

Share your home-made items for display

(quilts, throws, paintings, anything)

DOWNSTREAM CALENDAR

Talent Historical Society Museum,
Talent Community Center.

Museum Open hours:
Mon.—Fri. 10:00 a.m.—2:00 p.m.

THS Board Meeting, to be announced.

JCHMA Meeting, 2nd Thursday of each month, 10 a.m. – Noon. Location varies.

March 13	April 10	May 8
June 12	July 10	Aug. 14

Upcoming Program

Bill & Carla Coleman will be at THS sometime in August to put on their program "The Last Rose." This program deals with love letters written during the Civil War.



This is excerpted from a taped interview with Jim Bergen who was reminiscing about the Wagner Creek School. Joe Cowley, interviewer.

Joe: Did you have to walk to school, or did you have a bus to pick you up?

Jim: No, everybody walked. We didn't have a bus that came at all. I had to walk clear across two orchards there, so that's, oh, a little over half a mile from where I lived over

on Yank Gulch. I really lived one of the closer ones than a lot of the kids were. Some of them were quite a ways up the canyon and walked down. And if they were lucky, their parents might bring them down. Of course, once we started Talent, then they ran the school bus. The old school bus would come up there and pick us all up and bring us down.

Joe: Did you ever get in trouble on the school bus?

Jim: No, I didn't. I saw a lot of them get in trouble. The worst we ever done, I think, was when the bus driver would be sitting out there, usually he'd wait about a half hour or so for all the kids to come. And if you snuck up behind the bus when he wasn't looking and take a potato and shove it up the exhaust pipe as far as you could. Then when he'd go to start that old school bus, it'd grind, grind, grind, then pretty soon, ker-pow! That thing'd shoot that spud out there! Really a big bang. He knew who done it, but he never did say anything, he'd let us go. That's about as near as we ever got to really getting in trouble. Oh, if you'd talk too much or something, he'd tell you to sit down and be quiet, you know. But as soon as I was able, you know, I started driving a car from Wagner Creek down to Talent. Dad let me drive one of his old cars down. Heck, I was only 14—13, 14.

Joe: Nobody checked your license then.

Jim: No! Not at that time. Course all we had at that time was a city marshall. They usually didn't bother you at all as long as you were behaving yourself.

Joe: Did you used to load up some kids in the car and take them with you?

Jim: Well, there was one or two that I'd haul down the hill with me once in a while. But never over three, and no goofing around, or you didn't get the car. If you got in trouble, that was the end of it. The car was gone. The folks saw to that right quick. So you just didn't go do a bunch of stuff like they do nowdays. Just kept your nose clean if you wanted to drive.

HERE ARE SOME FACTS ABOUT THE 1500S:

Most people got married in June, because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, as time passed they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor.



Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the

o . nice clean water; followed by his sons,

o and other men living under the

same roof. Then came the women and finally the children. Last of

all were the babies. By then the

water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it,

hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

OVERHEARD

This is excerpted from a taped interview with Jim Bergen who was reminiscing about the Wagner Creek School. Joe Cowley, interviewer.

Joe: Did you have to walk to school, or did you have a bus to pick you up?

Jim: No, everybody walked. We didn't have a bus that came at all. I had to walk clear across two orchards there, so that's, oh, a little over half a mile from where I lived over

on Yank Gulch. I really lived one of the closer ones than a lot of the kids were. Some of them were quite a ways up the canyon and walked down. And if they were lucky, their parents might bring them down. Of course, once we started Talent, then they ran the school bus. The old school bus would come up there and pick us all up and bring us down.

Joe: Did you ever get in trouble on the school bus?

Jim: No, I didn't. I saw a lot of them get in trouble. The worst we ever done, I think, was when the bus driver would be sitting out there, usually he'd wait about a half hour or so for all the kids to come. And if you snuck up behind the bus when he wasn't looking and take a potato and shove it up the exhaust pipe as far as you could. Then when he'd go to start that old school bus, it'd grind, grind, grind, then pretty soon, ker-pow! That thing'd shoot that spud out there! Really a big bang. He knew who done it, but he never did say anything, he'd let us go. That's about as near as we ever got to really getting in trouble. Oh, if you'd talk too much or something, he'd tell you to sit down and be quiet, you know. But as soon as I was able, you know, I started driving a car from Wagner Creek down to Talent. Dad let me drive one of his old cars down. Heck, I was only 14—13, 14.

Joe: Nobody checked your license then.

Jim: No! Not at that time. Course all we had at that time was a city marshall. They usually didn't bother you at all as long as you were behaving yourself.

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MORE ON STATE OF JEFFERSON

IN THE DAY'S NEWS by Frank Jenkins • Roseburg, News Review, March 27, 1953

The death in Crescent City the other day of John L. Childs at the ripe age of 89 recalls to mind the half forgotten incident of the "State of Jefferson."

EDITORIAL

The dispatches telling of his passing were perhaps a little misleading. They related that "he led an abortive movement to form a 49th state from several isolated counties in Northern California and Southern Oregon," and add that "the movement was primarily a protest designed to win highway improvements in the rugged areas on both sides of the interstate boundary."

As I recall it, the "movement" was never taken seriously. It turned out to be a good publicity stunt, and as such it was used for all it was worth. Then (as now) we of the Southern Oregon-Northern California area needed more development, and we used the "State of Jefferson" idea more or less kiddingly to dramatize our need.

Mr. Childs was "sworn in" as "governor of Jefferson," and the incident drew a lot of humorous comment. Along about that time the war came along and the state of Jefferson was forgotten.

So much for the present. It will surprise most of us, I think, to learn that the State of Jefferson idea is a century old. It was first proposed in 1854. Judge Charles H. Carey in his excellent history of Oregon, tells of its origin. He says:

"An effort, which was unproductive of results, was made in 1853 and 1854 to start a movement for the creation of a separate territory in Southern Oregon, where the people felt a sense of remoteness from the seat of government and were recent mining activity was creating a population whose interests differed somewhat from those of the Willamette valley.

"Pursuant to a call published in the Yreka Mountain Herald of January 30, 1854, a mass meeting of the citizens of Jackson county (which then included Klamath and Lake) was held at Jacksonville 'for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of organizing a new territory and to devise means to effect the same.'"

The meeting was duly held, Samuel F. Culver was elected chairman and T. McF. Patton was chosen secretary. According to the meager records of the meeting, L. F. Mosher, a son-in-law of Joseph Lane, was called on to explain the purposes of the movement and a committee of five was appointed to draft a memorial to the territorial legislature. Delegates were elected to attend a general convention, the date of which was set for February 25, and the secretary was instructed to enter into correspondence with citizens of other Southern Oregon counties:

But the movers appear to have been unsuccessful in their efforts to persuade their neighbors that a new territory was practicable or expedient, and the plan died a natural death. The projected convention was never held.

Happy



Spring!

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